

J. P. Posey and His Son, Leslie, Killed by Powder Gas in Silo Pit

Two Mexicans Also Dead—Poisonous Gas Formed from Powder Blasting Attributed as the Cause of The Quadruple Tragedy

A pall of sadness was thrown over the entire South Plains last Friday when a tragic accident at the Posey farm six miles west of Slaton at 4 o'clock caused the death of J. B. Posey and his son, Leslie Posey. Two Mexicans, who were working at the farm, lost their lives at the same time. The immediate cause of the tragedy was poisonous gas from a silo pit which was under construction.

Mr. Posey was having an underground silo made, and the excavating had been done to a depth of about 25 feet, and was in the rock. A charge of dynamite was put down to blast out the rock, but it seems that this did not loosen it much except perhaps to make fissures underneath. Then a charge of powder was put in and fired. After the explosion those working on the silo waited some time for the air to clear before going down into the pit to begin work on hauling the rock out. The boys, Pyron, Pat, Eric, and Leslie started away from the pit to get some materials, and Mr. Posey then went into the pit, going down a ladder. About half way down he suddenly let go of the ladder and fell, his head striking the rocks with sufficient force to perhaps have caused his death. Mrs. Posey, who was at the pit, called to the boys, and the two Mexicans, Juan and Medina, without a second's hesitation went to Mr. Posey's side. No one knew what had caused him to fall, and the Mexicans succumbed to the poisonous gas after trying to get Mr. Posey back to the ladder. Leslie Posey was the first of the boys to reach the pit and he went to his father's assistance. He cut the rope off of the bucket and tied it around his father and the boys pulled him up. Leslie then started to climb out of the pit and was half way up when he, also, could withstand the gas no longer, and he fell to the bottom.

This tragedy struck the heart strings of the host of friends of the Posey family and everything that could lend aid or consolation in the hours of sadness was tendered to the sorrowing ones. The funeral was held from the home of Walter S. Posey in Lubbock and interment was made in the Lubbock cemetery. The services were conducted by the Rev. W. M. Lane, pastor of the Methodist Church of Lubbock, and the hundreds of friends in attendance and the floral offerings at the graves gave tribute of the esteem in which Mr. Posey had been held all of his life.

James B. Posey was born in Williamson County, Texas, in October, 1857, and he was educated at Georgetown. He married Lucinda Alabama Hudson when he was 19 years of age, and they moved to Callahan

County 22 years ago. They then moved to Floyd County where Mr. Posey engaged in stock raising and then became interested in the mercantile business at Floydada; and from that he went into the banking business. He became vice president of the Citizens National Bank of Plainview and helped to organize the First State Bank of Lubbock and also the First National Bank of that place.

He retired to his farm near Slaton a little over three years ago on account of failing health, and with his sons has been farming about 540 acres of land and raising cattle. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and was one of the highest respected of the worthy pioneers who came to west Texas. His friends were limited only by those who knew him for his high ideals and his big heart.

Besides a wife he leaves five sons and two daughters to mourn over his departure from this life. The children are Walter S. Posey who is cashier of the Lubbock State Bank, Mrs. Dr. E. O. Nichols of Plainview; J. P. Posey, Pat Posey, Eric Posey, Evans Posey, and Pansy Posey.

Leslie Posey was fifteen years of age and was a popular and highly esteemed student of the Slaton High School. The beautiful tribute that his mother gave him at the grave is the richest heritage that he could leave to his brothers and sisters, and is the most sacred treasure that he could take to another world. She said: "God bless you, my little hero. Good bye. You gave your life to save your papa."

Home grown watermelons have been on the Slaton market now for several days.

'Tis With Pleasure and Pride That We Announce Our Fall and Winter Opening September 1st, 1915

The better dressers will be glad to know that they can find something different and out of the ordinary in our stock this fall. Our line of Ladies Coat Suits, Coats, Mackinaws, and Skirts have been carefully selected and are certain to please the most discriminate customer. The coat suits are in new colors and new patterns, 15 to 40. Coats \$3.50 to \$50.00. Skirts \$3.00 to \$12.50. Mackinaws \$3.00 to \$10.00.

We call your special attention to these coat suits and coats. These lines will not be equalled by any other store in West Texas. This Fall's Style Show will offer models of late design and color schemes which are being shown exclusively thru-out the North and East. The satisfaction of your fall appearance will be gladly attended to here. We feature quality and you can judge us by our customers. Let us urge you to attend this showing. Be sure to let your Coat Suit, Extra Skirt, Shoes and Coat come from ROBERTSON'S this fall, then you will be correctly groomed.



THE MODERN CLOTHES SHOP

Where Quality, Style, and Price Blend Handsomely Together

Freight Train Struck Automobile at Snyder Killing One Occupant

Santa Fe extra freight No. 1061 west out of Sweetwater struck an automobile at the crossing with the public road a quarter of a mile east of the Snyder depot Monday evening at about 7 o'clock, instantly killing one man and perhaps fatally injuring a little boy. Another man in the car was severely injured but he is recovering rapidly.

Fred Batson was engineer on the train and R. R. Geer was conductor. Brakeman John Murphy had gone out on the running board of the engine to the pilot to throw the switch for the train to go into the yards, and the train was running about thirty miles an hour. The automobile, a Metz roadster, approached the railroad crossing from the South. The crossing is a dangerous one, as the public road goes thru a cut and past some buildings which shut off a view of the track. Another train was waiting at the Snyder depot to pass 1061. The occupants of the automobile seemed to be deeply engaged in conversation and paying no attention to the railroad track, and looked up only the instant before the train struck them. Murphy saw that an accident was unavoidable and he went back from the pilot to the running board, and the engineer set the emergency brakes.

Garland Wright, one of the occupants of the car, was killed instantly and was horribly mangled. He and Lillie Westbrook, who was driving the car, were both thrown up on the pilot and Murphy held them there until

the train stopped. The little boy in the car, Charley Westbrook, was either thrown out of the way of the train by his father or was bounced out by the jar as the train struck. Conductor Geer went out in the weeds by the side of the track and got the boy and revived him, but it is doubtful whether he lives or not.

The car was carried along by the engine pilot for perhaps a hundred yards and was as completely demolished as it is possible to wreck one of the machines. When the engine reached Slaton there were still pieces of glass, splinters, broken castings and blood and hair on it. One spindle from the car was driven into the wooden beam of the pilot several inches, and was removed by a curiosity hunter after the engine came in.

Westbrook and Wright both live in Snyder.

There is no blame attached to the train crew for the accident as it was absolutely unavoidable on their part. The occupants of the car seemed to be forgetful of the fact that they were in any danger of an accident and that they were crossing the railroad at a dangerous place.

Health, Economy, Sanitation

You know the pure invigorating breath that comes from the snowclad peaks; you know the spicy, stimulating atmosphere of a crisp winter day. That's nature's refrigeration. Not only does it hold intact and preserve all inanimate organic matter, but it promotes health. A very material proportion of the diseases which afflict us gain access to our systems thru the food we eat; by keeping that food in perfect condition these risks are reduced to the minimum.

The HERRICK REFRIGERATOR, thru its system of DRY AIR CIRCULATION, places a pure, dry, cold air spot in your home. Within its boundaries the most dainty or perishable of foodstuffs are sure of immunity from the germs of decay as tho they were buried in the snows of the Arctic.

We will be glad to show the HERRICK to you.

FORREST HARDWARE

Mallet Engine Sent Over Texico Cut-Off Initial Trip Last Week

Quite an interesting incident for the people of Slaton occurred Thursday last week when Mallet engine No. 3302 whistled into the Santa Fe yards pulling 85 cars for a total load of 3412 tons. This is the first Mallet engine to ever come into the South Plains; it is the first big engine to run over the Texico Out-Off. J. D. Butler pulled the throttle as engineer and Joe Moss was conductor. There was a large crowd at the depot to see the "Mallie" come in. The Mallet was sent over from Clovis because there were not engines enough to handle the trains being pulled over the Cut Off this month, and there were too many box cars congesting traffic at the Clovis yards.

The Mallet engine is indeed a curiosity for anyone as it is truly a marvel of invention. It is really two engines in one, and is 105 feet in length from the front of the pilot to the rear of the tender. It was put on track No. 1 at the round house and lacked twenty feet of getting in the house.

The Slaton yards have lately added four big engines just out of the locomotive shops at Albuquerque that are a source of much pride to the railroad boys. They are engines Nos. 1021, 1061, 1017, and 1050, of the Baker value gear type, simple engine. They have cylinders 23x28 inches and are very powerful. These engines are used in chain gang service between Clovis and Sweetwater, and in a recent trip from Texico one of the engines pulled 2,700 tons very easily.

There are now six chain gangs in service out of Slaton besides the locals, and one more is to be added soon. There are fourteen engines in service out of Slaton.

E. B. Lee, division foreman, stated to the Slatonite man that the Santa Fe work here is growing every month, and that there will be the biggest grain movement over the South Plains lines this fall in the history of the road. The road is preparing for a heavy shipment of stock, also, but the cattle shipment will be late this year on account of the extra good pastures on the South Plains. The cattle movement will not start until the latter part of September.

SEWING MACHINE for sale. A White and a good one. For \$10. Ask at Slatonite office.

Specials at The Grand Leader

Our big purchase of fall goods is already arriving and as we bought a big stock we must make room in our store for the new goods, so we are making special prices on some lines to close them out at once:

- Children's Gun Metal Baby Doll Shoes, all sizes, \$2.50 value, closing out at \$1.95
- Big Line Ladies Silk Waists \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.25 values closing out at \$1.29
- Ladies Gowns \$1.00 and \$1.25 values we will close for only 75c
- Ladies \$3.50, \$3.00 and \$2.50 values low cut shoes for \$2.75, \$2.60, and \$1.85

These are only a few of our specials. We can't name them all as we are too busy unpacking our new goods. Come in and see our new lines which we think you will find to be the best display that ever came to the South Plains.

The Grand Leader

M. OLIM, Proprietor

North Side Square Slaton, Texas

Leader in Best Merchandise and Lowest Prices

The Movie Theater is now on a new circuit with the classiest pictures we have ever shown. Show runs six nights in the week with a complete change of program. You will be delighted with the new service.

Deed is 187 Years Old.
El Dorado, Kan.—A deed one hundred and eighty-seven years old is a rare thing. Frank Allen, Butler county abstractor, discovered that he was in possession of just such an instrument. While cleaning house his mother, Mrs. Susan B. Allen, found a deed dated 1728, in the time of King George II. It conveyed about twenty acres of land in Massachusetts.

Notice to The Public.

This is to inform you that we have posted the Igo and Buffalo Springs pastures and have stopped all fishing and hunting in these two pastures.
S. I. JOHNSON.

Bossie Had a Jag.
Danville, Ind.—Benjamin Prether of Avon is a strong temperance man, but that d'd not prevent one of his favorite milch cows from getting drunk. It was a comical sight Prether noticed the animal prancing around in the barn lot, doing all sorts of antics, and could not imagine what was the matter. He sent for a veterinarian, who said the cow was drunk. It was learned that she had been where she could get at a quantity of fermented corn.

A PROPOSAL.

"I tell you, we must break up this liquor habit."
"All right; let's begin with some brandy smashes."

Bids Wanted

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Town Council of the Town of Slaton, Texas, will receive bids for the construction of approximately 18,500 square feet of sidewalk, to be constructed within the said town of Slaton, of cement and concrete materials, in accordance with the detailed specifications on file in the office of the Town Secretary of Slaton, Texas, which are open for inspection during business hours by all persons interested therein.

Bids will be received up to the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of the 31st day of August, 1915, at which time all bids will be opened and the contract will be let to the lowest and best responsible bidder; provided, however, that said Town Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Each bidder will be required to deposit with his sealed bid a certified check for the sum of \$25.00, as evidence of good faith, and the successful bidder will be required to file with the said Town Council a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by the said Town Council, in the sum of Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000.00), payable to the Mayor of said Town of Slaton and his successors in office, conditioned that he will faithfully and promptly prosecute said work and comply with his contract, and guaranteeing said sidewalks against defects of material or workmanship for a period of two years from the date of the completion of said contract.

Said bids shall state the price per square foot that the bidder will contract to construct said sidewalks for, and the successful bidder will be expected to furnish all materials, labor and everything necessary for the

performance of said work and contract. A copy of the contract the successful bidder will be expected to sign can be examined at the office of the Town Clerk in Slaton, Texas.

Done by order of the Town Council of the Town of Slaton, Texas, this the 29th day of July A. D., 1915.

ATTEST: R. J. MURRAY, Mayor.
(SEAL) C. C. HOFFMAN, Secretary.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
SANTA FE.
California and Gulf Coast Trains.
Limited, daily.

No. 921 (west bound) from Galveston arrives in Slaton at	4.25 a. m.
Departs for all points west to California	4.35 a. m.
No. 922 (south bound) from California arrives in Slaton at	12.10 p. m.
Departs for central Texas and Galveston	12.35 p. m.
Slaton-Amarillo Trains, Eastern and Northern Points, daily.	
No. 903 leaves Slaton for Amarillo at	6.40 a. m.
No. 904 from Amarillo arrives in Slaton at	11.55 a. m.
Slaton-Lamesa Local, Daily Except Sunday.	
No. 908 from Lamesa arrives in Slaton at	11.15 a. m.
No. 907 departs from Slaton for Lamesa at	2.00 p. m.

LODGES.

I. O. O. F.
Slaton Lodge No. 861 I. O. O. F. meets every Monday at 8.00 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially welcome. J. L. Hoffman, N. G. L. P. Loomis, Secy.

WOODMEN.
Slaton Camp No. 2871 W. O. W. meets 1st and 3rd Friday nights in the month at the MacRea Hall. W. E. Olive, C. C. B. C. Morgan, Clerk.

WOODMEN CIRCLE.
Slaton Grove Woodmen Circle No. 1320 meets on first and third Friday afternoons in the month at 3.30 o'clock in the MacRea hall. Visitors cordially welcomed. Mrs. Pearl Conway, Guardian. Mrs. Carrie Blackwell, Clerk.

A. F. AND A. M.
Slaton Lodge A. F. and A. M. meets every Thursday night on or before each full moon, at 7.30 o'clock. Joe H. Smith, W. M.

The Brotherhood of American Yeomen meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8.00 p. m. at the hall. C. W. Olive, Correspondent.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST CHURCH.
C. H. Ledger, Pastor.
Preaching services every second and fourth Sundays in the month at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. C. C. Hoffman, Superintendent. N. A. Terrell, Asst. Supt.
Womans' Missionary Society meets every Monday at 3 p. m.
Union Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock at the Methodist church. Everyone welcome.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
W. H. Ingle, Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. D. J. Hubbard, Supt.
Prayer meeting Wednesday nights.
Preaching services every first and third Sundays in the month at 11 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.
Ladies Aid Society meets every Monday at 3 p. m.

SLATON BAPTIST CHURCH.
At Tabernacle. N. B. Graves, D. D., Pastor. Preaching services every first and third Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. and at 8 p. m. Song service precedes preaching service.
Sunday Bible Study at 10 a. m. E. S. Brooks, Supt.
Ladies Missionary Society meets each Monday at 3 p. m. Mrs. J. W. Short, President.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
At the McRea Hall.
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching services every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 8 p. m.
J. F. Matthews, Pastor and Superintendent.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.
The Church of Christ meets every Lord's Day evening at the First Baptist Church.
Bible class and Sunday School at 2 o'clock. Communion services at 3. Preaching every second and fourth Sundays by J. T. Phillips.
Everybody invited to come.



Kindling

For Sale by the Wagon Load While it Lasts. Get your supply at once.

HOWERTON'S
Racket Goods FURNITURE Undertaking

DO IT NOW Subscribe for THIS PAPER

FOR BALANCED RATION

WELL TO DECIDE ON AND PROVIDE WEEK'S SUPPLY.

By Arranging Menus a Few Days Ahead, Variety of Suitable Meals May Be Supplied With Little Trouble—Points to Consider.

Food is necessary to build tissue, replenish waste, create heat and energy and satisfy appetite. In order to be perfect food, it must contain sufficient protein or tissue-building elements to cause a continual and gradual growth, and to overcome fatigue; sufficient starch and sugar to give an abundance of energy and body heat; fat in sufficient quantity to replace loss in illness or great mental or muscular exertion, and ash or mineral salts for feeding bones and tissues.

The balanced ration may be obtained in several ways and without variety. For instance, we may eat meat, bread and butter and potatoes, but a continuation of this diet, while it may cost a great deal for meat and butter, would not give good results, as the diet would be too concentrated, and constipation and its attendant ills would follow. Or, one might eat entirely of vegetables, such as beans and potatoes, and the quantity necessary to supply the required amount of protein would give too much bulk and often tissue starvation will occur.

In providing food for a normal family the housekeeper will find it provident to decide upon and put in a week's supplies, thereby insuring a variety of well-balanced meals at less cost. There is no more extravagant habit than buying a meal at a time. The housekeeper will find that arranging her menus a few days ahead, until three meals a day are provided for, allowing some variation for vegetables, meats and desserts, and providing against the embarrassment of a quick meal, will give her a feeling of security never possible where only one meal is taken care of at a time.

We should decide on the menus after we have proportioned our income, pro-rating the percentage of food so that only one-fourth of the income is used for this purpose. The occupation of the different members of the family, climate, temperament, sex, individual health, all must be taken into consideration, and then such foods as we can afford with due regard given to their caloric value will be determined upon.

The mother will remember that whether the children acquire full size and strength depends more on their food than upon anything else. A child from three to five years old requires four-tenths as much food as a man at moderate work; from six to nine years one-half as much, while a boy fifteen years old requires as large a quantity of foods as his father engaged at moderate labor.

In a cold climate more is needed, and this fact is not due to the temperature, but to the greater activity of the people, and it will be noticed that fat forms a large proportion of the northern diet, as it is oxidized slowly in the body. A tall, thin person consumes more food than a short, stout person, for the reason that a large surface is exposed and is the cause of greater loss of heat.

Personal idiosyncrasies must be considered. It is a homely, but true, saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison."

Apple Tea Cake.

One pint flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, few grains cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one egg, scant cupful of milk, five apples; mix and sift dry ingredients, work in butter, add milk gradually and egg (well beaten); spread in well-buttered baking pan; cut apples in eighths or sixteenths and stick in dough, sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over top, serve with butter.

Cucumber Jelly Salad.

Pare and grate four large cucumbers, add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, twelve peppercorns, one teaspoonful of chopped onion and scant one-half teaspoonful of salt; let simmer 20 minutes, add one-half box gelatin softened in one-half cup of cold water; stir until dissolved, then strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth. Line a mold with slices of fresh cucumber, fill with the jelly when it begins to thicken and let harden on ice. Unmold and serve on a bed of watercress.

Washable Paper.

Washable paper, such as is used to paper the walls of bathrooms, is an excellent substitute for oilcloth for covering pantry or other shelves, and is much cheaper. It may be held in place by thumb tacks, or cut wide enough to come over the edge of the shelf and be pasted down.

To Remove Soot From Carpet.

Sprinkle a carpet or rug liberally with salt where soot has been dropped. Sweep carefully and no trace of the marks will be seen.

CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot siliate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

"Shorter Hours for Women"

COTTON BOLL--White KING NAPHTHA--Yellow

The laundry soaps that like hard water—they save the clothes and knock the dirt.

Both the best made; pure and economical.

WATER LILY

A sweet toilet and bath soap for particular people. Great for laces, flannels and woolens—won't shrink the goods. Hundreds of valuable FREE PREMIUMS for wrappers and coupons from these soaps.

Our premium list MAILED FREE is the most liberal of any.

We share profits with you.

PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING CO. OKLAHOMA CITY OKLAHOMA

The Last Straw.

Mary Jane's master is a slightly eccentric bachelor. He has one most irritating habit. Instead of telling her what he wants done by word of mouth he leaves on his desk, or on the kitchen table, or anywhere else where she is likely to see it, a note curtly directing her to "Dust the dining room" or "Turn out my cupboard," and so on.

The other day he bought some newspaper, with the usual die-sunk address imprinted upon it, from the stationer, and ordered it to be sent home. Mary Jane took it in, and the first thing that caught her eye was a note attached to the package. She read it open-eyed.

"Well," she said, "he's asked me to do a few things in his blessed notes, but this is the limit. I won't stand it no longer!"

For the note read: "Die Inside This Package."—London Mail.

CARE FOR CHILDREN'S

Hair and Skin With Cuticura. Nothing Easier. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify the skin and scalp, the Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itchings, redness, roughness, dandruff, etc. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp and hair.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Proper One.

"Do you know, I believe I have a case of rose fever."
"Then why don't you go to a garden doctor?"

If a thing is particularly preposterous and foolish, the average man believes in it.

Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

The casualty list reaching Ottawa, Ontario, one day recently included the names of 46 officers.

One trial convinces—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Outside of magazines, very few farmers are named "Jethro."

MAN'S SHORT TERM OF LIFE

In Comparison With Other Animals He Does Not Nearly Live Out His Allotted Time.

A rule which holds fairly true among the higher animals is that an animal lives five times as long as it requires for his muscular system to reach its full strength. The dog is fully developed at between two and three years of age, and lives fifteen years; the horse reaches his prime not later than five, and if he escapes overwork and ill usage, lives to be twenty-five and even thirty. In fact, the rule seems to be an understatement of animal expectation of life, rather than an overstatement.

The one conspicuous exception is man, who seldom reaches his full muscular strength before he is twenty-five and counts himself living on borrowed time if he passes the age of seventy. If man were as well circumstanced in this matter as the horse, dog or cat, his average term of life would vary from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty-five years.

Wet With Tears.

Fair Tragedienne—And you liked my performance?

Gallant Admirer—Oh, it was the very acme of tragic art! But I am almost sorry I went, I caught such a fearful cold.

Actress—Cold! Why, the theater was warm.

Admirer—Yes, but the floor was so damp.

Actress—Indeed! What could have caused that?

Admirer—The tears. She gave him a free ticket for the season.—Chicago News.

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

Sad Specialist.

"Lovely summer we've been having."

"Yes. But it's bad for business."
"You can't mean that a delightful climate is bad for business."

"Yes. I'm the man who makes a specialty of getting up 'Don'ts' for hot weather."

Best For Horses.

Give your horses good care and you will be doubly repaid by the better work they will do. For sores, galls and other external troubles apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Ranchmen, lumbermen and livermen recommend it. Adv.

The difference between men and boys is that men are willing to wait until next year, while boys want it now.

Sweden has 300 iron mines and 40 mines of other metals.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Only 3.4 per cent of the surface of Norway is cultivated.

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Kansas in 1914 produced more wheat than Australia.

Rabbits are a pest in Alaska.

LITTLE TIME FOR SENTIMENT

Bird House Attendants All Too Busy to Bother About Legendary Stories or Myths.

The visitor approached one of the gayly uniformed attendants who spend their days in the bird house of the Bronx park zoological gardens. This privileged being must, she thought, have imbibed at least a touch of sentiment.

"Isn't there," she asked, "some story, some myth, connected with that pigeon which has on its breast the red spot like blood from a bullet wound?"

"Story? Myth? Git off! 'Course there ain't no story about it. It's just a red feather or so—that's all. The bird was born that way. See?"

"But where do they come from? There must be a story, some—"

"I tell you there ain't nothin' about 'em. As to where they grow, I think it's the Philippines."

A slightly more affable attendant did disclose the name of the pigeon. It was called blood-breasted, and it did come from the Philippines. But if there was a story—and there must have been—none of the liveried information bureaus knew it. No sentiment for them! They only said, "Keep to the right!" when the inquirer became too persistent.—New York Evening Post.

Saw Things Differently.

Hughie McNeff was exercised last year about his hay crop. The weather though threatening, favored his efforts till he had succeeded in getting it safely gathered in, being in this respect more fortunate than several of his neighbors. After seeing the last wisp of straw around his stacks, he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air:

"Noo, sin' I hae gotten my hay a' safe in, I think the world would be greatly the better o' a guid shower."

Putting It Accurately.

"Have you got any mosquitoes around here?"

"No," replied Farmer Cornrossel. "We haven't got them. They've got us."

Poetic.

He—Dearest, don't you think we would make a good couplet?
She—Ah, I am not averse.

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

Robert Edeson, the actor, recently inherited \$100,000. The property is chiefly a rice plantation in Louisiana.

For poison ivy use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Russia has forbidden the export of poultry, dead or alive.

THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live.



Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might get me a bottle and I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong.

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefitted by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

IF YOU HAVE

Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach, and Belching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

Tutt's Pills

will remedy these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Noat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lights all season. Made of metal, can't rust or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers have express paid for \$1.00.

HAROLD SOMMER, 180 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 30-1915.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

FEEDS UPON INSECTS

Bobolink a Common Summer Resident in Northern States.

FEEDS MAINLY ON INSECTS

Also Devours Many Weed Seeds—Inaccurate Grading Cause of Much Loss to Western Wool Growers—Remedy is Suggested.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The bobolink, rice bird, or reed bird, is a common summer resident of the United States, north of about latitude 40 degrees, and from New England westward to the Great Plains, wintering beyond our southern border. In New England there are few birds about which so much romance clusters as this rollicking songster, naturally associated with sunny June meadows; but in the South there are none on whose head so many maledictions have been heaped on account of its fondness for rice.

During its sojourn in the northern states it feeds mainly upon insects and seeds of useless plants; but while rearing its young, insects constitute its chief food, and almost the exclusive diet of its brood. After the young are able to fly, the whole family gathers into a small flock and begins to live



Bobolink, Rice Bird or Reed Bird—Length About Seven Inches.

almost entirely upon vegetable food. This consists for the most part of weed seeds, since in the North these birds do not appear to attack grain to any great extent. They eat a few oats, but their stomachs do not reveal a great quantity of this or any other grain.

As the season advances they gather into large flocks and move southward, until by the end of August nearly all have left their breeding grounds. On their way they frequent the reedy marshes about the mouths of rivers and on the inland waters of the coast region and subsist largely upon wild rice.

Formerly, when the low marshy shores of the Carolinas and some of the more southern states were devoted to rice culture the bobolinks made great havoc both upon the sprouting rice in spring and upon the ripening grain on their return migration in the fall. With a change in the rice-raising districts, however, this damage is no longer done.

Co-operative Marketing of Wool.
Serious losses are often suffered by the flock master because of improper methods of handling the clip. Western wool growers are paid lower prices than foreign producers because of inaccurate grading. In recent years they have made some advancement in clipping and assorting fleeces as shown by cleaner clips being offered for sale in some localities. In the West some of the large sheep breeders' associations have officially recommended certain changes in the handling of wool by the growers. It is estimated that improper methods of preparing the wool for shipment cost the flock

master from one to three cents a pound, for the manufacturer is frequently put to an extra expense, against which, of course, he protects himself by lowering the price to the grower.

To remedy this condition, some form of co-operation among wool growers in any given region is urged in a new publication of the department of agriculture, bulletin 205, "The Wool Grower and the Wool Trade." The individual alone can do little to improve matters, for his clip is likely to be too small to induce the buyers to make any alteration in their accustomed methods of estimating wool values. With co-operation, however, it should be possible to prepare the entire clip of any section so that the reputation of its wool would be enhanced and the growers obtain the full market value of their product. A sufficient number of wool growers should be included in each co-operative association to enable at least 4,000 or 5,000 pounds of each of the various grades to be marketed at one time.

Co-operation will, of course, do little good, however, unless the individual growers follow improved methods of handling the clip. An instance of the present low price of American wool as compared with foreign is given in the bulletin already mentioned. Two lots of wool of the same grade, one of them from Idaho and the other from Australia, were purchased by a Philadelphia manufacturer—the American at 18½ cents a pound and the foreign one at 28 cents a pound, before scouring. In the American fleece the kind of wool that this manufacturer really wanted amounted to 86.79 per cent of the total; in the foreign fleece to 98.96 per cent. A more accurate system of grading had given this manufacturer 12 per cent more of what he wanted than the American methods. In consequence the foreign sheep grower got the larger price for his fleece. The manufacturer paid for the imported wool 28 cents a pound and for the domestic wool 18½ cents a pound—a difference of 9½ cents. By the time shrinkage, "off sorts," etc., had been deducted, however, the cost per clean pound to the manufacturer of the wool he wanted was 41.32 cents for the American fleece and 44.69 cents for the imported—a difference of only 3.37 cents.

The bulletin suggests 15 rules for the wool grower which, it is said, no one can afford to neglect if he is at all solicitous of the reputation of his clip. These rules are:

1. Adhere to a settled policy of breeding the type of sheep suitable to the locality.
2. Sack lambs, ewes, wethers and all buck, or very oily fleeces separately. If the bucks or part of the ewes or wethers have wool of widely different kind from the remainder of the flock, shear such separately and put the wool in separate sacks so marked.
3. Shear all black sheep at one time, preferably last, and put the wool in separate sacks.
4. Remove and sack separately all tags, and then allow no tag discount upon the clip as a whole.
5. Have slatted floors in the holding pens.
6. Use a smooth, light and hard glazed (preferably paper) twine.
7. Securely knot the string on each fleece.
8. Turn sacks wrong side out and shake well before filling.
9. Keep wool dry at all times.
10. Make the brands on the sheep as small as possible and use a branding material that will scour out.
11. Know the grade and value of your wool and price it accordingly.
12. Do not sweat sheep excessively before shearing.
13. Keep the corral sweepings out of the wool.
14. Do not sort the wool before it is grown.
15. When all these rules are followed place your personal brand or your name upon the bags or bales.

CABBAGE STORING IS SIMPLE

Cheaply Constructed Bank or Hillside Root Cellar is Only Shelter Needed—Keep Place Cool.

(By K. A. KIRKPATRICK, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

Cabbage storing is rather simple and easy. The shrinkage is small. A cheaply constructed bank or hillside root cellar, or a basement under almost any farm building, is the only storehouse necessary. This should not be too dry and should be a place which could be kept at a temperature of about 40 or 50 degrees in the early part of the season. This is often accomplished by opening the doors to let in the cool night air and closing them to keep out the warmer air during the remainder of the day. Later, of course, the doors must be kept closed continuously.

In storing, most growers place the heads in a collar with all leaves and roots attached. Many market gardeners have a better plan. They cut off the stalk as though preparing the heads for market, but leave two or

three rough leaves to protect the more tender parts. They then pack in ordinary cabbage crates and rack these crates up, leaving a gangway every third or fourth tier for air circulation.

This work is not particularly difficult, and will certainly pay the grower well if it increases the selling price of his production eight or tenfold. For the last few years, it has been marketed and harvested at from \$5 to \$7.50 a ton. The purchaser has stored it and sold it during the late winter for \$50 or \$60 a ton.

Fattening Wethers for Market.

The wethers intended for the fall market should be taken from the flock, put by themselves, and fed liberally until they are so fat that another week's feeding will not add a pound.

Use Axle Grease Liberally.

Axle grease is cheap, so do not wait until your axle gets dry before giving it grease. Besides, it injures the axle to let it get dry, and makes double and treble work for your horse,

WHERE BLUE BLOOD RULES

In Germany and Austria It Makes No Difference How Much You Have, Only What You Are.

Miss Wylie says in her "Eight Years in Germany" that contempt for mere money is a striking characteristic of the German people. Wealth alone does not entitle its possessor to any special deference or consideration.

"The German's indifference to money," she declares, "amounts very nearly to contempt. I am not speaking only of the aristocracy. The very shopkeepers themselves have the same feeling, and it has often amused me during the Christmas shopping to watch how poverty-stricken Baroness von X is surrounded by courteous, deferential attendants, eager to sell her the sixpenny knickknack she has come to buy, whereas wealthy Frau Rosenkrantz, making her expensive purchases, receives no particular attention.

"In Germany you can be poor and live poorly without reproach. You can live in a garret and dress as your means allow, but you will not be judged by your garret and your shabbiness, but by yourself. If you have an honored name or a spark of genius the doors of the most exclusive circles are opened to you. Talent and birth are the only passwords that German society understands; and wealth, unless its owner is very tactful, or is himself indifferent to it, is not welcomed. Ostentation of any sort is an unpardonable offense."

In Austria it is birth alone that confers distinction. There is no country in the world where social caste is so immutable as it is in Austria. A man is either "born" or not. If he is "born" he is notable; if he is not "born" nothing can ever make him noble.

If a noble marries a woman of humble birth, neither he nor his children can succeed to the family property; neither he himself, his wife nor his children are received in society. Austria is therefore divided into three distinct classes: the nobility, the middle class and the peasantry, each living as it were within a ring fence. In Britain, the shopgirl of today can be the duchess of tomorrow, with all the rights of precedence at court and in the social world that attach to the rank of her husband; the country boy of today can be the prime minister of the future.

Such possibilities do not exist in Austria. Nothing opens the door of society in Austria—neither genius, great wealth, heroism, nor the highest distinction in the arts and sciences; all are unavailing unless their possessor can put the magic word "geborn" after his name. The emperor from time to time confers titles of nobility; but they do not confer the magic

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

WAITING FOR YOU

Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son — any industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$30.00 per acre—get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

G. A. COOK
125 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government Agent.

word, and the bearers of those titles form a class by themselves.—Chambers' Journal.

When She Understood.

"Aren't the modern dances charming," said Mrs. De Montmorency to the colonel, as she forgot the young people on the floor. "Do you hesitate?"

"No, madame," replied the colonel, "I may be said rather to fluctuate."

And later in the evening, when she saw him bobbing up and down in the Lane Duck like a speculative stock in a panic, the lady knew exactly what he meant.

Here's a Fine Idea.

"Please, ma'am," said the little girl from the next door, "mother wants to know if you will lend her your new mechanical tune player this afternoon."

"What an extraordinary idea! Is she going to give a dance?"

"No, ma'am. We're tired dancing to it. She wants to keep it quiet for a couple of hours so that the baby can sleep."

To Be Sure.

"I don't see why the colleges persist in teaching Latin and Greek. French or German would be much more useful to the students."

"Oh, well, the dead languages are neutral, anyhow."

The extenuating circumstance is that the husband who is "henpecked" never knows it.

The Patriot.

Sir Thomas Lipton said at a provisioners' banquet in London:

"All the blame for high prices is put on us dealers. You'd think, the way some people talk, that we dealers were as false in our patriotism as the chap who was sanding his sugar the other day with his errand boy's help."

"The errand boy, lifting a scoopful of sand, asked:

"The usual proportion, sir?"

"No, Joseph, of course not," the boss replied sternly. "The usual proportion in days like these? Joseph, where's your patriotism?"

"Then he sighed and added:

"Only half the usual proportion of sand, Joseph—only half the usual proportion as long as our gallant troops at the front have such need of sand-bags."

What He Might Do.

A man dropped into a cafe one afternoon and saw his Scotch friend Sandy standing at the bar indulging in "a lone one." He walked up to the bar and greeted Sandy.

"Will you have another one with me?"

"No, thank you," said Sandy, "but you can pay for this one if you will."

His Composition.

"He is a man with a grip of steel, an iron nerve, but a heart of gold."

"Oh! A regular man of mettle."

Enforced Penance.

Suitor—You marry couples, squire?
Squire (a woman hater)—Yes, I suppose so; if you insist.



Lunch Prepared in a Jiffy

Now for a rest while waiting for John.

Post Toasties

are always ready to eat right from the package—sweet, crisp and tempting.

And what a relief from fussing around in a stuffy kitchen on hot days.

The lunch is a good one—and John likes to find the wife cool and comfortable.

Post Toasties are thin bits of white Indian corn toasted to a golden brown. Eat with cream and sugar—and some fresh berries—They are delicious.

Write R. J. Murray & Company

Slaton, Texas, About Agricultural Lands and City Property

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Mable Shankle of Holdenville, Okla., is visiting her uncle, R. G. Shankle, in Slaton.

Mrs. J. G. Wadsworth and her children returned home Saturday from a visit at Bowie, Texas.

Ernest Ward returned to Slaton Wednesday from Paris, Texas, and is again at the home of his uncle, E. S. Brooks.

FOUND—Pair of spectacles. Owner can have same by calling at Slatonite office and proving property and paying for this notice.

R. C. Edgell and family, accompanied by Miss Marie Edgell of Sagerton, Texas, were in Slaton Thursday last week on their way home to Melrose, N. M.

Mrs. Chas. Acker went to Brundage, Ala., Sunday in response to a message stating that her mother is seriously ill. Mrs. Acker will be away two or three weeks.

Miss Georgie Norvell returned Tuesday from Plainview where she has been visiting at the home of J. W. Patterson with Miss Katie Brasfield who is receiving medical attention in that city.

Mrs. J. S. Blackwell came home Sunday after a visit at the R. D. Looney home across the canyon. While at the home she attended the wedding of her friend, Miss Ivy Lu Looney, and Mr. D. A. Atkins, which was consummated last Thursday.

The Movie Theatre is putting on a splendid line of reels now, and the patrons are enjoying excellent entertainment. They are getting an especially high grade of daily film service, and the comedy reels are a laugh from start to finish. A little fun now and then is good for all men. Take an evening off occasionally and go to the Movie if you are not now a regular patron. You will certainly get your money's worth.

Jess Bruner of Clovis, N. M., was in Slaton the first of the week looking after property interests.

Miss Rachel Haney, who has been visiting relatives in Lamesa for the past two weeks, returned home Monday.

Mrs. S. C. Sledge left Slaton Wednesday for Austin to live at the Women's Confederate Home after a visit of four months with her daughter, Mrs. G. L. Sledge.

FOR SALE OR TRADE for land in Lubbock or Crosby County, a 15-room hotel in Spur, Texas. Will give or take difference. Address Box 662, Spur, Texas.

E. B. Miller of the Plainview Herald and Jesse Adams of the Plainview News were down on the Hale County Fair Booster Excursion and made a fraternal call at the Slatonite office.

W. M. Moore, more familiarly known as "Pap" Moore, was in town one day last week exhibiting to his friends a couple of wooden chains which he had made. He takes a stick one inch square and about five feet long and whittles a chain out of it, making the chain complete with links about two inches long and a swivel in the center of the chain. The ends are left square with a couple of balls in each one. The chains are truly a curiosity and a remarkable work of art.

Mrs. F. Graves returned last Friday from St. Louis where she had been for several days purchasing millinery and studying the styles that will prevail this coming fall and winter. She spent much of her time in preparation for a fall opening and came back after having purchased an especially attractive line of hats. Mrs. Graves' patrons always rest assured that they receive the very latest and most chic creations in millinery, and her growing trade attests to this. Slaton has a millinery store equal to those in many cities ten times as large as this.

Janitor Wanted

Wanted—Janitor for 1915-16 term at school house of Slaton Public School. Apply to School Board on or before Aug. 21st.

NOTICE! STOCK OWNERS! I have been appointed pound master with instructions to take up all stock running at large in the town of Slaton. These orders will be enforced.

G. L. Sledge.

The Church of Christ will begin a series of meetings at Slaton on Sunday night before the Fourth Lord's Day in August and continue over the First Lord's Day in September. The meetings will be held in the First Baptist Church and conducted by Cole Jackson of Moran. Everyone urged to attend.

R. L. Blanton returned Sunday from Portales, N. M., where he has been for several days on a business deal. He purchased a half-interest in the Ford agency at Portales and will move to that place to take active charge of the handling of Fords. P. E. Jordan is a partner of Mr. Blanton's in the Ford business. Mr. Blanton's family will be in Slaton for some time yet until he completes moving arrangements. Slaton people will regret very much to see this most excellent family move away, and we can unhesitatingly recommend them to Portales.

J. W. Hood and family were agreeably surprised Thursday night last week by three auto loads of friends stopping with them. A. J. Evans, register of the U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, and family drove up to the Hood residence on their way east. And a little later Dr. J. O. Lane and W. B. Dane and families of Fluvanna honked in at the same place for a night's lodging. These families were on their way to the Exposition. Doctor Lane is a brother-in-law of Mr. Hood's. It was a merry party that made Slaton that night, and a pleasant visit to the Hood family.

The Most Successful Man Usually Gets His Start Thru the Habit of Saving

You have the same opportunity, and we advise you to form the habit. We regard it not only a privilege but a duty to urge the man working for a salary or wages to save a portion of his hard-earned dollars. One Dollar will start an account at this

Bank.

FIRST STATE BANK of Slaton
GUARANTEE FUND BANK

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

Everything Good to Eat

Groceries by the Single Order or by the Case. We Can Save You Money.

The Central Grocery

J. M. SIMMONS, MANAGER

Come to the Beauty Shop

Facial massage, treatment for thin and falling hair, manicuring shampooing; all other beauty ills treated successfully. 8 years of experience. Everything in cosmetics and fine French perfumes. Mrs. Edna L. Wall, Pupil and Graduate of Mme. Qui Vive, Chicago. Located in Talley Bldg., Phone No. 60.

Death of Lee Conway

It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst one of our Sunday School students, Lee Conway, son of Brother and Sister Chas. Conway.

Everything which could be done by loving hands and medical skill failed. He went home to God on Wednesday morning, August 4th, and he was just a little more than 12 years of age. Typhoid fever caused his death. Lee was a good boy and he took a great delight in Sunday School. Many relatives and friends now mourn his absence. The funeral was held from the Baptist Church on Thursday morning, August 5th. The writer with the help of Brother Thomas conducted the services. A great host of sympathizing friends were in attendance and offering their assistance and words of consolation.—W. H. Ingle.

Mrs. Margaret B. Turner
Dressmaker

At the Chandler Residence
on East Panhandle Ave.

Dr. Luther Wall
Physician and Surgeon

Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted. Piles and Rectal Diseases Cured Without the Knife. Auto Service to Answer Calls. Office Phone No. 21. Residence No. 60.
Office in Talley Building
Northwest Corner Square, Slaton

S. H. ADAMS
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Red Cross Pharmacy
Residence Phone 26
Office Phone 3

Bring Us Your Orders for Select Groceries. All Orders Will Be Promptly and Carefully Filled.

We select our groceries with a view to suiting the careful purchaser, and have at your disposal everything of the best with full weight or measure guaranteed. We receive regular shipments of Fresh fruits and vegetables.

Slaton Sanitary Grocery

W. E. SMART, Proprietor

For Sale

OUR TIME, knowledge and experience in the printing business.

When you are in need of something in this line
DON'T FORGET THIS

SLATON SLATONITE

Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas

Issued..... Every Friday Morning
Loomis & Massey..... Owners
L. P. Loomis..... Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION, THE YEAR..... \$1.00

Entered as second class mail matter at the post office at Slaton, Texas, on Sept. 15, 1911, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The officers of the law state that they are getting wise to some people who are trying to violate the law, and if such acts at variance with the law are persisted in the offenders will land before the court.

State Fire Inspector Ben F. Smith stated to the Slatonite at the time of his last visit to our city that Slaton could get a better insurance rate by the city council appointing the marshal as fire inspector for the purpose of eliminating fire hazards. The duties of the marshal would be to inspect all business houses and premises about twice a month and correct all violations of the insurance laws. He would see that all trash piles and risks are kept down so that a fire would not start in or about a building. We should think that it would be a wise move on the part of the council both in saving money on insurance and in keeping down fire risks, by paying the marshal a small salary to do this work regularly.

Most people do not understand the duties of a justice of the peace. A justice of the peace cannot pick up a man and fine him just because somebody said that the man had been fighting. An arrest is made only by a complaint being sworn to by some responsible person that a certain man or woman has violated the law. If a man who has violated the law will appear and plead guilty without having papers issued he will be fined the lightest that the law permits; but if he doesn't pay a fine until he has to it will cost him considerably more. If you have a good reason to know that the law has been violated you must make a complaint and swear to it before a justice of the peace can act.

THIS YOUNG LADY WAS IT

She Was Human in Some Ways, but Nearly All Right in Some Others.

"I love you!"
As he spoke he looked at her passionately until with a voice trembling with courage, she said:
"And yet I feel that there ought not to be any mistake. I feel that I ought to tell you that I have not always been just as you thought I was. There have been times when I have tipped my cheeks with colors, and some of my hair, well—"
"I love you!"
"Then there's another thing. I crave admiration. I fear many of the qualities you have thought substantial in me are really artificial. I've deceived you in this respect."
"I love you!"
"Besides, I am not domestic. And I'm terribly extravagant. I can't add, and—"
"I love you!"
"I'm always behindhand. My promises, you know—well, I fear, they are typically feminine. I never kept them."
He looked at her earnestly.
"Can you put on a tire?"
"O, no."
"Or run an auto?"
"No."
"Ride horseback?"
"Never."
"Ever attend a suffrage meeting?"
"Dear me, no."
"Or belong to a woman's club?"
"No."
"Exhibit a dog at the show or be a runner-up at golf or belong to the W. C. T. U.?"
"Never."
He clasped her in his arms.
"I don't care how far away from Tipperary you are," he muttered; "I love you!"—Life.

Marks Historic German Spot.
Standing approximately on the exact spot where in 1414 Frederick of Hohenzollern, count of Nuremberg, with a heavy cannon partly destroyed Friesack, Germany, today rests a curiously built monument in the shape of a war piece made of log wheels, millstones and wood. The town lies on a branch of the Rhine in Prussia near Potsdam. Close to it is a large estate bearing the same name, whose fortified castle was captured by Frederick after a bitter fight against the rebellious knight Dietrich von Quitzow. It was below the place where the cannon now stands that the Quitzows were entrenched.—Popular Mechanics.

Accepted the Apology.
A young practitioner appeared before a pompous old judge, who took offense at a remark the lawyer made criticizing his decision.
"If you do not instantly apologize for that remark," said the judge, "I shall commit you for contempt of court."
"Upon recollection, your honor," instantly replied the young attorney, "I find that your honor was right and I was wrong, as your honor always is."
The judge looked dubious, but finally said he would accept the apology.

Canyon Is in the Game Now Since The Slaton Team Disbanded

Editor Warwick deems it a special privilege and a joyous summer diversion to romp on the late champion Monograms, and he talked about a "colum" of baseball dope, whatever that may be. Now we believe that Brother Warwick is sincerely honest in what he says; and if he would inform himself he wouldn't say it. He is being led on a cold trail by somebody, and comes back with a lot of ifs and ands and buts. Never mind about the results, Brother Warwick; let the public judge that, and don't rock the boat. This is a wet year in the west, you know.

If you must have the facts, we will give them, much as we regret to do so. Canyon was always ready to play the Monograms but was never ready to guarantee the expenses. They seemed to want the Slaton boys to pay their own way up there and entertain the Canyon rooters. The Slaton boys made one date with Canyon but the only way they could make expenses on the trip was to sign up a tour with Hereford, Tullia, Plainview, Clovis, etc., and when they couldn't get the dates with the other teams the tour had to be cancelled. The last time the Monograms had arranged games with both Canyon and Amarillo in hopes to get expenses on the trip. It is indeed strange that Canyon has suddenly become arrogant about baseball when the best team in West Texas has disbanded, and there is no possible chance to match games.

To Our Advertisers

The Slatonite is compelled to make it an unbroken rule that we cannot accept ad. changes later than Tuesday night. So all advertisers shall act accordingly. The bringing in of ads. on Wednesday and Thursday delay the issuance of the paper, and the only way we can see to prevent this is to make it a positive rule that ad. changes of any nature whatever must be made by Tuesday night. This means both changing the reading matter in ads. and cancelling ads. for the issue. It is a loss to the office to have a patron come in and cancel an ad after the type is made up for the page the ad. is on.
We want to be just as accommodating as is practicable and keep the paper on the live list, but in order to issue on time we must make this rule.

WALK COST THIS MAN \$1,000

St. Paul Restaurateur Attempted to Do 9.8 Miles in an Hour and Fifteen Minutes.

St. Paul, Minn.—Walter Fadden, restaurateur, took a walk recently that cost him \$1,000. With a stream of perspiration trickling off his nose and his hair a matted mass, he arrived at the Minneapolis courthouse at 9:28 in the morning, exactly eight minutes too late to win a bet of \$1,000 that he could walk from St. Paul to Minneapolis in an hour and fifteen minutes.

Chris Andrews and H. K. Harrison are the winners of the wager.

At 8:05 he started from the city hall, with a vision of the \$1,000 urging him on. Paddy Sullivan, trainer of the Gibbons boys, acted as pacemaker. Paddy himself can make the distance in 50 minutes, it is said, so the two started at such a gait that Mr. Fadden had the \$1,000 all spent by the time they reached the Midway.

Three motor loads of retainers made up a cheering retinue, and the walker was kept well supplied with oranges and lemons to suck. When the Washington avenue bridge across the Mississippi river was reached, the \$1,000 began to look unattainable, but Mr. Fadden never faltered and reached the Minneapolis courthouse at very nearly his initial pace.

His time limit had expired eight minutes before, however, and his natural jollity had diminished considerably when he started the return trip in a motor car. The odometers of the accompanying cars showed a distance of 9.8 miles.

Leaves From a Book of Dreams.

I had rather be deaf than know that your voice did not soften, sweet as the drone of bees, when you mentioned my name.

I had rather the width of the world lay between us than that our hands could touch without being thrilled by each other.

I had rather be dead, and lie alone in the darkness, than know, if I lived, that your love were given to another.

—John Hanlon in the Smart Set.



Phones and Opportunities

OUR TELEPHONES WILL BRING YOU CUSTOMERS
—FRIENDS—HELP YOU TO LIVE

Mr. Business Man—Let us bring customers to your door.

Let us help you increase your sales.

Whether you are managing a dry goods store or a dairy farm, we can be of real assistance to you. How? By our prompt, efficient day and night telephone service.

Realize the full value of "Long Distance" by using it. Our rates are reasonable.

Western Telephone Company

The Richey Lumber Yard

To Figure Your Bill for Less

Founded and Owned by the Pecos & Northern Texas Ry. Company

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

SLATON is in the southeast corner of Lubbock County, in the center of the South Plains of central west Texas. Is on the new main Trans-Continental Line of the Santa Fe. Connects with North Texas Lines of that system at Canyon, Texas; with South Texas lines of the Santa Fe at Coleman, Texas; and with New Mexico and Pacific lines of the same system at Texico, N. M. SLATON is the junction of the Lamesa road, Santa Fe System.

Advantages and Improvements

The Railway Company has Division Terminal Facilities at this point, constructed mostly of reinforced concrete material and including a Round House, a Power House, Machine and Blacksmith Shops, Coal Chute, a Sand House, Water Plant, Ice House, etc. Also have a Fred Harvey Eating House, and a Reading Room for Santa Fe employees. Have extensive yard tracks for handling a heavy trans-continental business, both freight and passenger, between the Gulf and Atlantic Coast and the Pacific Coast territories, and on branch lines to Tahoka, Lamesa and other towns.

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

3000 feet of business streets are graded and macadamized and several residence streets are graded; there are 26 business buildings of brick and reinforced concrete, with others to follow; 200 residences under construction and completed.

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

A fine agricultural country surrounds the town, with soil dark chocolate color, sandy loam, producing Kaffir Corn, Milo Maize, Cotton, Wheat, Oats, Indian Corn, garden crops and fruit. An inexhaustible supply of pure free stone water from wells 40 to 90 feet deep.

P. and N. T. Railway Company, Owners
THE COMPANY OFFERS for sale a limited number of business lots remaining at original low list prices and residence lots at exceedingly low prices. For further information address either
South Plains Land Co.or.... Harry T. McGee
Local Townsite Agent, Slaton, Texas Local Townsite Agent, Slaton

South Plains Mutual Insurance Association Solicits Policies

E. C. Fain, secretary and manager of the South Plains Mutual Life and Accident Insurance Association, with headquarters at Lubbock was in Slaton Tuesday accompanied by R. B. McWhorter in the interests of the company and writing insurance.

This company is, as its name indicates, a local mutual assistance association organized under the laws of the state with insurance policy limited to \$1,000. J. K. Wester is president, Geo. C. Walforth treasurer, and Judge E. R. Haynes, Dr. M. C. Overton and Geo. R. Bean trustees. The membership fee is \$5.00 and

the dues \$2.00 per year. At the death of a member an assessment of \$1.00 is made on each other member to keep the mortuary fund up to where it will pay all death claims promptly. The history of most mutual associations, and there are many of them over Texas, is that the average cost of this policy is about \$6.00 per year, truly the cheapest insurance known today. It is a home company and the money stays at home, and it is built on the broad principle of mutual, or neighborly, assistance. Any healthy man or woman between the ages of 16 and 60 can join the association.

There is no lodge connected with it, no initiation, no meetings to attend. Just assurance of help in time of distress.

L. P. Loomis is local agent in Slaton and he will be pleased to talk the matter over with you and write out a policy for you. The money is in the bank to pay every death claim immediately as it occurs.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many good friends who gave us assistance and sympathy in our hours of sadness over the death of our loved ones. May the Giver of all good and perfect gifts reward you. The thoughtfulness of our friends in such a trying hour touches us deeply.

Mrs. J. B. Posey and her children.

H. D. Hollingsworth is still suffering severely from injuries received in the accident which wrecked his Ford on the Wilson road five miles southwest of Slaton on Aug. 6th. He is in bed and unable to get up. Alex DeLong and Cap Ashley, the other injured ones of the party, were more fortunate. They are up and around, but their injuries are also slow in healing.

Joe Teague has rented the Talley-Whitehead building on the corner and will move his confectionery to it. He has also ordered a new fountain and will increase the size of the confectionery. He expects to move by Sept. 1st.

The Excursion of the Plainview Boosters was in Slaton Tuesday as per their schedule, advertising for the 1915 Hale County Fair. There were some thing over twenty autos that made the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Paul returned last week from their trip to the San Francisco Exposition.

C. F. Anderson has purchased three lots west of the High School Building and will erect a five-room bungalow thereon at once.

Notice to The Public.

This is to inform you that we have posted the Igo and Buffalo Springs pastures and have stopped all fishing and hunting in these two pastures.

S. I. JOHNSON.

NOT YET SEA RULER

Supremacy of Submarine Remains to Be Proved.

War Has Disproved Some of Sir Percy Scott's Theories Regarding Naval Warfare—Radius of Undersea Craft Is Increasing.

London.—It is a year since Admiral Sir Percy Scott published his famous letter on the use of the submarine in warfare.

The chief points he put forward were:

Submarines have entirely done away with the utility of ships that swim on the water.

No man-o-war would dare to come within sight of a coast adequately protected by submarines.

If by submarines we close egress from the North sea it is difficult to see how our commerce can be much interfered with.

With sufficient submarines about it would not be safe for a fleet to put to sea.

No fleet can hide itself from the submarine's eye, and the submarine can deliver a deadly attack even in broad daylight.

With a flotilla of submarines . . . I would undertake to get into any harbor and sink or damage all the ships in that harbor.

There were many replies to the letter. Lord Sydenham admitted that the submarine would undoubtedly impose new risks on large ships in certain waters, and if favored by chance would obtain occasional successes. In remarking that submarines could not serve all the purposes demanded of ships it is noteworthy that Lord Sydenham anticipated that warfare conducted by submarines alone must lead to "piracy."

One of the ablest of Sir Percy Scott's anonymous critics, signing himself R. N., said:

"We cannot regard the torpedo, whether carried by the battleship, the destroyer or the submarine, either as a decisive or a primary weapon. At the most it introduces an element into naval warfare equivalent to that which ambushes, surprise attacks, cutting out expeditions play in other kinds of guerrilla warfare. It will affect grand tactics profoundly, but in no sense incalculably, as its use can seldom if ever prove of decisive effect."

This seemed to be the opinion of the great majority of navy men. Winston Churchill said in a speech that many believed a blow might be struck beneath the water "which will be fatal to the predominance of great battleships at any rate in the narrow seas. . . . That time has not come yet, and the ultimate decision of naval war rests with those who can place in the line of battle fleets and squadrons which in numbers, quality and homogeneity, in organization, in weight of metal and in good shooting are superior to anything they may be called on to meet."

Sir Percy Scott, in reply to his critics, opposed Lord Sydenham's assertion that submarines would need a parent ship and suggested that their range of action was increasing. As a matter of fact it is now believed that the German submarines in addition to what supplies of oil and other necessities they can get from disguised ships are using submarines of the old types as tenders and bring them to the surface for the purpose of transferring supplies.

Admiral Bacon said in a letter: "The idea of attacking commerce by submarines is barbarous." Sir Percy Scott evidently considered this objection would have no weight in the eyes of the Germans, and replied:

"Our vulnerable point is our oil and food supply. The submarine has introduced a new method of attacking these supplies. Will feelings of humanity restrain our enemy from using it?"

He added: "To exterminate submarines is a difficult task. An easier task would be for the enemy's submarines to exterminate us by stopping our supply

of food."

He pointed out the probability that the enemy's submarines would not go out into the high seas to find our food ships. "Why not wait at the mouth of the Thames, or any other port, where he will find them coming out like railway trains?"

Voice of Experience.

"I'm learning to make fudge and taffy," said the prospective bride, "so that I can please my husband with some after we are wedded."

"Fudge and taffy are what the men like," responded the old married woman. "That suits 'em, whether you make it or whether you talk it, my dear."

Be a Slaton booster.



If You Haven't Made an Intimate Acquaintance

—with Our Shop, you don't realize what really wonderful suitings and overcoatings we show here and what perfect fitting clothes we make to your measure.

You Should See the New Line We Are Now Showing

—a remarkable Autumn and Winter line of fabrics have just arrived from LAMM & COMPANY OF CHICAGO, and in looking them over we find so many styles, colors and patterns that we want to say this to you: "MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO SPEND AT LEAST ONE HOUR HERE when you come in." It's impossible to look these fabrics over at a casual glance. They're too attractive.

We're waiting to see you.

DeLONG
The Tailor
SLATON, TEXAS

The North Side Tailor Shop

Solicits Your Cleaning, Pressing and Altering

All Work Guaranteed

We Have Added to Our Shop for the Convenience of Our Patrons a Laundry Wagon and Are

Agent for Bob Ames' Electric Laundry

of Amarillo, the Best Cleansing and the most perfect sterilizing process used in laundry work.

Guaranteed Service. Will call for and deliver your laundry and clothes to be tailored.

John Foster

Tailor to Men Who Care Agent for World Standard Clothes Slaton, Texas

Are You Aware That...



The Modern Picture Show of First Class Entertainment is now a permanent part of our society? It's influence is eminently good, and like all good things it is here to stay.

EDISON says: "Moving Pictures have a tremendous educational effect. They are an important factor in the world's intellectual development. They have a great up-lifting effect on the morality of mankind. They wipe out various prejudices which are often ignorance. They create a feeling of sympathy and a desire to uplift the down trodden of the earth."

Entire Change of Program Every Night at the Slaton Movie Theater

Confederate Veterans Enjoy Big Banquet

The families of G. L. Sledge and A. J. Tucker gave a supper at the Tucker home on the night of August 10th to the Confederate Veterans in honor of Mrs. S. C. Sledge, whose home is at Austin. The house was decorated thruout with red, white and blue, the stars and stripes being draped over the piano. These decorations served to bring back the memories of days in the past, and to make more happy the entertainment. Mrs. Butler made a short address on the Confederate Home and urged the establishing of a Chapter in Slaton. Several members were promised her. Excellent music was furnished by G. W. Guinn, Dean Sowell and Fred Higbee, accompanied by G. L. Sledge. The old time tunes that the soldiers loved were played, and they enjoyed the spirit of the occasion so well that their feet just had to step along with the tunes. The terpsichorean art displayed by the Boys of '63 was at once the wonder and delight of the party. Lots were drawn for partners and the guests were marched to the dining room under the red, white and blue, and the color scheme was carried out in every arrangement for the evening. Cake and ice cream were served and small flags given as souvenirs of the occasion. The Veterans present were W. S. Adams, J. J. McCullom, B. W. Davis, W. J. Young, L. A. H. Smith, and Mr. Terry.

Baptist Meetings Closed

The meeting at the Slaton Baptist Church closed Tuesday night with about fifteen additions to the church.

Evangelist Sebe Thomas returned to his home at Olney, Texas, Wednesday. He has made many friends in Slaton during his stay here, who hope to see him return. But Brother Thomas has friends all over Texas; in fact, we never saw a more popular minister.

The first few days he was in town it seemed that every stranger that came to Slaton was delighted to see Sebe Thomas here. As one fellow said, there is only one Sebe Thomas in Texas.

In two humble graves in the cemetery lie the remains of two Mexicans. Sons of a lowly race, but very few paid any attention to their existence; but when duty called they responded just as promptly as would any scion of nobility. Juan and Martina; each left a widow to mourn their death, widows who were just as fond of them, lowly and unhonored as they were, as it is possible for one human being to love another. They were heroes of their race, and we deem it a privilege to add one little tribute to their lives.

J. G. Wadsworth sold his Slaton residence this week to W. M. Robertson and also traded some business lots on Texas Avenue for land a few miles south of this city. He has leased an additional tract for pasture and says that he has now retired to the farm to raise hogs, cattle and kafir.

The Slatonite needs you to help us in building up Slaton.

PLAN REBUILDING OF RUINED CITIES

Belgian Students of Town Planning Urge Use of Modern Methods.

AGENTS ARE GATHERING DATA

Refugees in London Map Out Task to Begin When Invaders Are Driven Out—30,000 Structures Are Destroyed.

London.—So confident are Belgians that the German invaders will shortly be driven from their country that plans are now being discussed and drawn up in London for the scientific rebuilding of the devastated towns and cities of Belgium.

The idea of rebuilding ruined Belgium upon modern scientific lines was originated by the International Garden Cities and Town Planning association and was enthusiastically accepted by King Albert and the Belgian government, while the British government has bestowed its official blessings on the scheme.

A committee called the Belgian town planning committee has been formed, made up of representatives of the various Belgian ministries, the Royal Institute of British Architects, the Institute of Municipal and County Engineers, the Town Planning Association of Great Britain, Belgium, France, Holland, Poland, Russia and Spain.

At the first meeting of the committee it was decided that the actual work of rebuilding Belgium should be done entirely by the Belgians themselves, from plans prepared by Belgian architects and engineers, and that the work of the English and other non-Belgian members should be advisory.

Obligated to Work Secretly.

Each member of the committee pledged himself not to accept any contract or payment for any of the work in connection with the rebuilding.

The committee is now devoting its attention primarily to securing a complete civic survey of the devastated towns and cities of Belgium. This work is proceeding slowly but successfully, slowly because it has to be done secretly—right under the eyes of the Germans—and smuggled out of the country piece by piece. The means by which this is accomplished, and who is doing it, cannot be revealed, as it is believed the Germans, if they discovered it would put an effective stop to it at once. It is hoped, however, that within five or six weeks the complete civic survey will have been obtained.

Although definite plans are yet to be formed, it is probable that the committee will do much more than provide merely for the rehabilitation of the stricken towns so as to provide homes for the war sufferers. Particularly in England many men who have made a careful study of town-planning methods see in the present an opportunity for the application of modern, scientific ideas. They urge that "cities beautiful" such as have been outlined in miniature world's fairs and on a small scale in English garden settlements should be erected on the ruins of the devastated Belgian towns.

Must Consult Owners First.

It is questionable, of course, to what extent these methods can be employed, for there are the owners of the property to be consulted. One-fifth of the adult population owned their own homes, and the residents of Flanders are distinctly conservative. But it is inevitable that the new Belgium will be an improvement on the old.

Ewart G. Culpin, who is the secretary of the committee and who is well known in the United States through his lectures on town planning, was asked if the committee has decided on any radical architectural or physical changes in any of the ruined towns. He said:

"No, but undoubtedly there will be remarkable changes. Belgian cities and towns have grown up in a haphazard sort of way. In the rebuilding Belgian genius will find an outlet in combining the architectural beauties of the Flemish with the physical requirements which are demanded in modern scientific town planning."

Viscount Bryce, who opened the Remaking of Belgium exhibition, held in University college, spoke of the general project as follows:

Viscount Bryce's Ideas.

"Town planning is a comparatively new science in this country. In the middle ages beauty came naturally, men's minds were full of conception of beauty, and the very irregularity with which cities were built was an element of picturesqueness which the straight lines which came into fashion in later times could not attain. The

Too Busy Selling Goods and Receiving New Shipments to Write Ads.

Look Out for Next Week!

Chris Harwell, Gents Furnishings Lubbock, Texas

We Will Make Right That Which is Not Right

SLATON PLANING MILL

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor

Contracting and Building

Estimates furnished on short notice. All work given careful and prompt attention. Give us a trial.

North Side of the Square

Auto Livery Service Anywhere

Calls Answered Promptly

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

We have also Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations. We have for sale Hay, Grain, Feed, and Poultry Yard Supplies

L I S T E N !

We fail to rise because we don't strive to rise, because we don't aspire beyond the Just Enough-to-Get-Along estate. Then we are likely to rail at those above us, behind whose achievements and possessions there is a long line of persistent, untiring endeavor.

BUILD YOU A HOME.

Slaton Lumber Company
LUMBER DEALERS

City Meat Market
Slaton, Texas

We have purchased the City Meat Market and solicit your patronage. We will appreciate your trade and will keep at all times a full line of fresh meat from choice beeves. We can fill your orders. For a choice steak, a tender roast, or prime pork chops, come to the City Market.

Hours When Shop Will Be Open on Sundays

Shop open on Sundays until 9 o'clock in the morning, and from 4.30 to 6.30 in the afternoon.

J. T. HOOTEN, Proprietor

Posts, Wire, Rock Salt, and Sack Salt

We can supply you at the lowest prices

We Are in the Market for All Kinds of Grain

See us before you sell

Slaton Grain and Coal Company

task of those who are going to lay out the Belgian cities afresh is to try to combat the beauty which belonged to the ancient cities with the conditions now recognized as being requisite to the health and well-being of large modern communities."

The other work that the committee is doing at present is principally educational. Various groups have been formed to study the numerous problems connected with modern town planning. One group is dealing with arterial communications, others with types of roads, railroads, street-cars, lines, subways, canalization, water, gas, electricity, sewers, communal service, police, fire prevention and other state and civic problems.

Men who have devoted years to scientific town planning are delivering lectures on each subject as particularly applied to Belgium. At the conclusion of the lecture courses studies and plans will be drawn up, and it is expected that in two months' time fairly complete plans will have been drawn.

At the exhibition at University college the present condition and needs of Belgium were illustrated and examples of the best work in town planning carried out in other countries were shown.

A remarkable collection of old maps showing the development of the old cities and towns of Belgium has been placed at the disposal of the committee, as well as large numbers of photographs showing Belgium before the war and now.

30,000 Structures Destroyed.

Particularly tragic are maps of ruined cities and towns, like Louvain and Termonde, where by different colors those parts destroyed and those remaining are shown.

From figures received, 30,000 houses and buildings have been destroyed by the Germans since they invaded Belgium.

King Albert is taking the most personal and constant interest in the work, and M. Helleputte, the Belgian minister of agriculture and public works, is in constant attendance at the committee meetings.

Even.

The conscientious girl worried so much over having paid for two eggs with bad money that soon the unconscientious girl also developed a conscience.

"It really is too bad that you cheated the poor man," she said, the next time they met. "I think I feel almost as bad about it as you do."

"Oh, don't worry," said the conscientious girl. "I am glad of it now. Both the eggs were bad."

"Why did you seem alarmed when that petty naval officer came along?"

"Because I noticed he was a submarine."

LOST—a 44-winchester with cartridges in the magazine; lost in Slaton or between Slaton and the Igo ranch. Finder please leave at Slatonite office and receive reward.—J. W. Lovelady.

IN MUSLINS AND SILKS

PARISIENNES TURN TO DELICATE MATERIALS FOR RELIEF.

War Has Brought So Much Nursing and Needlework That Jainty Garments for Hours of Leisure Are Imperative.

We are becoming more and more inattentive to the delicate muslins and simple silks. A sort of reaction has set in. We have to occupy ourselves so much with nursing and needlework that it seems a relief to clothe our persons in dainty and lovely garments when we take a few hours' holiday, though it should not be said that a charity fete comes under the heading "holiday." These gigantic fetes call for an immense amount of hard work, and on the day itself one never finds a quiet moment, writes Idalia de Villiers, Paris correspondent of the Boston Globe.

A dress which attracted my attention at the Ritz was made of black mousseline de sole bordered with black chiffon velvet and mounted over a plaited slip made of ivory white crepe de chine. This seemed to be a one-piece frock.

It is hung straight from the shoulders, and was confined at the waist by a ceinture of velvet. There was a picturesque coat in fine black chantilly and the bodice opened over a lovely little blouse made of flesh-pink chiffon and fine lace.

The lace sleeves of the coatee were semitransparent; that is to say, they were drawn on over the flesh-pink blouse. They were bishop in design and banded in at the wrists with bands of black velvet.

A flat-brimmed hat made of black chip was worn with this gown. There was a lining of dull blue mirror velvet and round the high crown a fold of chantilly, caught in by a handsome paste buckle in front.

Another coat and skirt, in Joffre-blue linen, had raised embroideries carried out in japonica-pink, blue, black and white washing silks. There were wide revers on the coat



Smart three-cornered toque of white satin bound with navy blue silk ribbon. Navy blue mounts and bows.

and a high turnover collar, as well as deep gauntlet cuffs. All these were covered with embroidery.

I spoke in a recent article of the popularity of white linen suits enriched with open-work embroidery in the English style. Some of these dresses are veritable works of art, the skirts being worked in complicated designs almost to the knees, and the coats worked all over. It is rather the fashion to mount skirts of this order over pale-colored slips, heliotropes, or pale pastel blue.

This is a revival of an old fashion, and when subtle colors are chosen for the slips the result is excellent; nothing, however, could be more objectionable than an embroidered dress worn over a crude and ordinary shade of pink or blue.

Paquin has some fascinating summer mantles made of soft white linen which are lined with printed silk and trimmed on sleeves and cuffs with ermine. These mantles are charming when worn in conjunction with lace or muslin gowns. The touch of white fur makes the garment look picturesque and unexpected.

PROTECTION IN BAD WEATHER

The vacation girl will find the rubber rain smocks very convenient things, not only for the rainy day, but for use in clear weather on such occasions as she goes boating, fishing, motoring or golfing.

They are made of dull black leather in fairly light weight and are long and full skirted. The double panel of the front has snap fastening and the collar fastens close under the chin, while the wrists are drawn in with elastics to insure absolute protection. These smocks are done up in individual rubber bags.

CHILD'S DRESS



Of striped blue taffeta with a wide satin girdle. The dress in made with the new smocking stitch, trimmed with four rows of shadow lace gathered around the neck with sleeves of the same material.

CUT FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE

Most Effective Form of Decoration, to Which Too Little Attention is Usually Given.

No feature of household decoration can do more to render a room attractive than the use of flowers. But the proper arrangement of flowers is an art, demanding study. The Japanese spend years in acquiring this art; but the average person gives to the arrangement of cut flowers no more thought than is given to the most unesthetic of household tasks.

In the first place most people err in the matter of vases. A vase should be considered always in connection with flowers—not as an object of art by itself. Vases of distinctive colors should be used carefully; a neutral tint, green or glass vases are safest.

If you have vases of very positive shades use them only for flowers with which they will harmonize. Yellow pottery, for example, is lovely if filled with yellow flowers or with a combination of blue and yellow flowers. Low yellow or purple bowls filled with pansies are a delight to the eye. A gray ginger jar filled with dusty miller and sweet alyssum is a thing of beauty; the shimmering silver gray of the foliage and the white of the blossoms harmonize perfectly with the soft-gray jar.

Another common mistake in arranging flowers is to overcrowd the vase. Never bunch flowers. Each should be put in the water separately to insure a good effect. A long strip of lead coiled to fit the bottom of vases is the best device for keeping flowers upright. It is not so expensive as the china or wire arrangements that can be purchased for the same purpose, and it has the further advantage of being easily squeezed into a vase of any size.

A pretty device for flowers is the Aaron's rod to hang on the wall. This is merely a stick of bamboo with holes cut between the joints. Water is poured into each opening, and the flowers then set in.

FOR THE THROAT AND NECK

Collars of Dutch and Eton Style in Order—Colored Boas Give Softening Effect to the Face.

Dutch and eton style collars in laundered and semilaundered designs are worn with silk or crepe windsor ties. Dainty ribbon and flowered garnitures are used on dressy designs of embroidery and lace, which are always V-shaped. Flaring collars and cuffs of black patent leather lined with white pique are smart for a tailored suit. Ribbons of the regimental stripe order are worn with the above and other neckwear sets.

Collar and cuff sets of colored handkerchief linen are worn with tailored suits and sport attire. Mailles ruffs in black and white are popular. Short and long ostrich boas are in royal and navy blue, taupe, loam brown, silver gray, white, black and white and black. They are neck size, or to the knees, with ribbon bows or tassels on the ends. They are very softening to the face

GROUCHY PLAYED SLEUTH

Somewhat Mean Trick to Do, But He Found Out Which Boy Had Broken His Window.

Grouchy neighbor, cane in hand, confronted the Giant Juniors at first base, which happened to be a lamp post.

"Which of you young rascals batted the ball that broke my upstairs window?" he growled, thumping the pavement menacingly with his stick.

Each member of the team looked as innocent as a china doll. None spoke.

Then an idea came to the grouchy neighbor. He permitted a smile to drive away the look of anger on his face.

"Say, boys," he said merrily, "I was only joking about that window pane. I used to play baseball myself when I was a boy, and I have been much interested in watching you play. You have a fine team here, but it seems to me you are a little weak in batting. I doubt if there is one of you who could knock a ball over that corner house."

Eight pair of eyes turned toward Splinters, the wizard pitcher of the Giant Juniors, and Splinters himself, never unwilling to pose for the spotlight, stepped forward.

"Dat's where you're wrong, mister," he said. "If yer'd ben here five minutes ago you'd of seen me slam one dat went ten feet over de roof of dat house."

"Indeed!" exclaimed grouchy neighbor, grasping Splinters firmly by the collar. "That must have been the ball that broke my window. Now you come with me and we'll see whether your father will settle the bill. If he doesn't, I'll have to take you to the police station."

No Mistake.

"That chap gets a thousand dollars a week," said the movie fan, indicating the funny man on the screen.

"How do you know he does?" "I guess I ought to know. Don't I pay ten cents a week toward it?"

Quite in Season.

Elle (plaintively)—Why do you keep after me so much?

Il (fiercely)—What's your name?

Elle (weakly)—May.

Il—I thought so. I have to follow you. I'm August.

Not His Business.

"Conductor, this man is stepping on my feet," said the lady passenger.

"I have nothing to do with the traffic regulations, madam," was the reply.

Even when money talks a woman can always manage to get in the last word.

Don't forget that charity is often a curse to humanity.

SAILOR'S HARD FATE

Coal Oil and Hot Pie Proved a Bad Mixture.

Captain Bulling of the Bark Moonshine Spins a Yarn Having to Do With the Misadventure of Shipwrecked Yankee Seaman.

Squinting thoughtfully through sun-reddened eyes, Captain Bulling of the three-masted bark Moonshine, at anchor off Staten Island after a voyage of three months around the Horn from Valparaiso, watched the tug carrying his crew dwindle in the shadows toward the Battery.

"We rescued a whale-eatin' Maine sailor who was cast ashore on an island off Tierra del Fuego," the captain remarked thoughtfully. "But we lost him again, 'cause he couldn't get used to our food. Whale oil is worse'n liquor on a Yankee." And then, between savage attacks on a terrible cigar, he spun this harrowing yarn:

"We were beatin' it in a fair wind off the Horn late one night when the lookout sights a fire on an island to our win'ard and sings out. I clapped the glasses to my eye and saw a lot of niggers wavin' and in front of 'em is a big fellow who looks like a bear.

"After a while a boat come back with this sailor, Joshton, who is sitting in the stern, with his mouth open in' and shuttin' like he is a clam.

"It seemed he was aboard the Mary Ranter, with a load of lumber from Frisco to Norfolk, 14 years ago. Comin' around the Horn they met up with a blow and when Joshton woke up next he found himself on this coral island we took him off of.

"He must have fainted from hunger, when he was woke up by niggers pokin' him, and when he yelled they yelled, too, and fell down on their faces and kicked their toes up.

"He signed he wanted food and the niggers brought him whale blubber, which he hit one over the head with, signin' for water. They brought him a bowl of whale oil and he nearly went crazy. But that was all he could get, so he chewed the whale blubber and drank the oil slow and it put life into him.

"When I heard that yarn I yelled for the cook to fix him a meal that would make him forget his whale diet. He looked at it with glistenin' eyes when it come, and filled his mouth, but he can't eat it—and he can't drink any water.

"Twa'nt any use. He drank some water one night and went stavin' wild, pulling the lamp from the bracket and drinking a quart of coal oil. I watched him, expectin' any minute

to see him die, but it done him good. Yessir, he smiled and said: 'That's fine I believe, captain, I could stand another.' So I had 'em broach a keg o' oil we had on deck, and gave him a schooner of it.

"That oil agreed with him. But two weeks ago—I'm off Hatteras—I heard a terrible roar from the galley and hurried out. I saw Joshton lit up inside so I could see his 'innards,' like his outside with a lamp chimney. Flames was issuing from his mouth, and he leaped into the sea, right over the rail. As he hit the water there was an explosion, and he was gone.

"Joshton was just drinkin' his hourly scooper o' coal oil, and he wandered into the galley, just as the cook was pulling a hot pie out of the oven. Poor Joshton smelt that pie and it brought back memories so strong he couldn't resist. He reached over and picked that pie up and took a big bite, washing it down with a swaller of coal oil. The heat was too much, there was combustion or something, and he lit up all over, being filled up for years with whale oil, you know, and in agony he jumped overboard."

Captain Bulling sighed morosely. "I lost the address of his folks, too," he said. "I can never tell 'em how he wanted to be remembered to 'em."

And he threw away his cigar, and cocked a sage eye toward the Statue of Liberty—she seemed to be smiling a bit in the sunset.

Safe.

"What's this I hear? Are you really going to play first base for the village baseball team next Saturday?"

"That's exactly what I'm going to do."

"But man alive! You're sixty years old."

"I know, but I was afraid if I refused to play the boys would make me umpire the game."

Commuter's Plea.

"You wouldn't rock a boat now, would you?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then kindly refrain from discussing the war in such a loud tone of voice. There are half a dozen different nationalities represented on the car."

Profitable.

"You're looking mighty prosperous all of a sudden. What's your new graft?"

"I'm an expert appraiser of the contents of trunks. People call me in to set a valuation on their baggage before they get it checked."

Ins and Outs.

"Did you run out of gasoline?"

"I did, and the motorcycle policeman ran me in."

A father often is his daughter's hero, but his wife knows him for what he is.

There's Energy and Summer Comfort

in this simple breakfast:

It satisfies the appetite and is easily digested.

A little fresh Fruit;

Grape=Nuts

and cream;

One or two soft-boiled Eggs;
Some crisp, buttered Toast;
And a cup of Instant Postum.

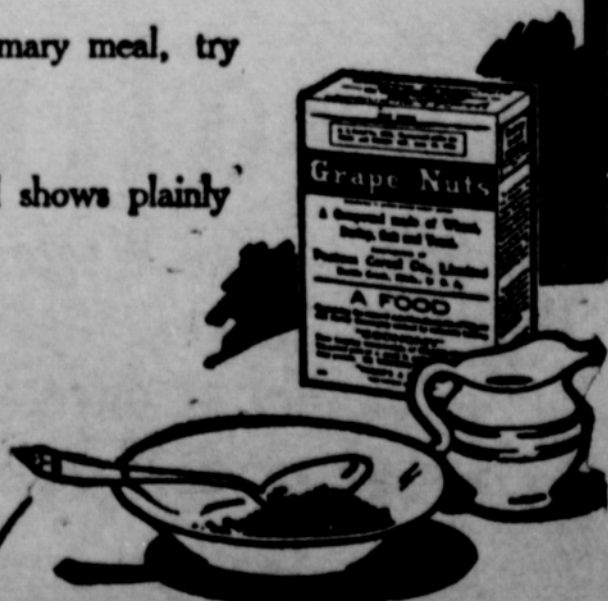
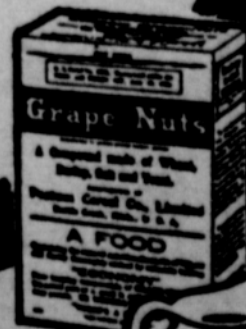
If digestion rebels at the customary meal, try the "Grape-Nuts Breakfast."

The result can be observed, and shows plainly

"There's a Reason"

FOR

Grape=Nuts



PARROT & CO

HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of *The Carpet from Bagdad*,
The Place of Honeymoons, etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Warrington, an American adventurer, and James, his servant, with a caged parrot, the trio known up and down the Irrawaddy as Parrot & Co., are bound for Rangoon to cash a draft for 300,000 rupees. Elsa Chetwood, rich American girl tourist, sees Warrington and asks the purser to introduce her. He tells her that Warrington has beaten a syndicate and sold his oil claims for £20,000. Warrington puts Rajah, the parrot, through his tricks for Elsa and they pass two golden days together on the river. Martha, Elsa's companion, warns her that there is gossip in Rangoon. Warrington banks his draft, pays old debts, and overhears and interferes in a row over cards.

CHAPTER VI.

In the Next Room.

"Craig?" Warrington whispered the word, as if he feared the world might hear the deadly menace in his voice. For murder leaped up in his heart as flame leaps up in pine kindling.

The weak young man got to his knees, then to his feet. He steadied himself by clutching the back of a chair. With one hand he felt of his throat tenderly.

"He tried to kill me, the blackguard," he croaked.

"Craig, it is you! For ten years I've never thought of you without murder in my heart. Newell Craig, and here, right where I can put my hands upon you! Oh, this old world is small." Warrington laughed. It was a high, thin sound.

The young man looked from his enemy to his deliverer, and back again. What new row was this? Never before had he seen the blackguard with that look in his dark, handsome, predatory face. It typified fear. And who was this big, blond chap whose fingers were working so convulsively?

"Craig," said the young man, "you get out of here, and if you ever come bothering me, I'll shoot you. Hear me?"

This direful threat did not seem to stir the sense of hearing in either of the two men. Suddenly the blond man caught the door and swung it wide.

"Craig, a week ago I'd have throttled you without the least compunction. Today I can't touch you. But get out of here as fast as you can. You might have gone feet foremost. Go! Out of Rangoon, too. I may change my mind."

The man called Craig walked out, squaring his shoulders with a touch of bravado that did not impress even the plucked pigeon. Warrington stood listening until he heard the hall door close sharply.

"Thanks," said the bewildered youth. Warrington whirled upon him savagely. "Thanks? Don't thank me, you weak-kneed fool!"

"Oh, I say, now!" the other protested.

"Be silent! If you owe that scoundrel anything, refuse to pay it. He never won a penny in his life without cheating. Keep out of his way; keep out of the way of all men who prefer to deal only two hands." And with this advice Warrington stepped out into the hallway and shut the door rudely.

"Pay the purser and get a box of cigars," Warrington directed James. "Never mind about the wine. I shan't want it now."

James went out upon the errands immediately.

Warrington dropped down in the creaky rocking-chair, the only one in the boarding house. He stared at the worn and faded carpet. How dingy everything looked! What a sordid rut he had been content to lie in! Chance: to throw this man across his path when he had almost forgotten him, forgotten that he had sworn to break the man's neck over his knees! In the very next room! And he had permitted him to go unharmed simply because his mind was full of a girl he would never see again after tomorrow. What was the rascal doing over here? What had caused him to forsake the easy pluckings of Broadway in exchange for a dog's life on packet boats, in a squalid boarding house like this one, and in dismal billiard halls? Wire tapper, racing tout, stool pigeon, a cheater at cards, blackmailer and trafficker in baser things; in the next room, and he had let him go unharmed. Ten years ago and thirteen thousand miles away. In the next room. He laughed unpleasantly. Chivalrie fool, silly Don Quixote, sentimental dreamer, to have made a hash of his life in this manner!

He leaned toward the window sill and opened the cage. Rajah walked out, muttering.

When it was possible, Elsa preferred to walk. She was young and strong and active, and she went along

with a swinging stride that made obvious a serene confidence in her ability to take care of herself. What the unknown called willfulness was simply natural independence, which she asserted whenever occasion demanded it.

She loved to prowl through the strange streets and alleys and stranger shops; it was a joy to ramble about, minus the irritating importunities of guide or attendant. It was great fun, but it was not always wise. There were some situations which only men could successfully handle. Elsa would never confess that there had been awkward moments when, being an excellent runner, she had blithely taken to her heels.

In her cool, white drill, her wide, white pith helmet, she presented a charming picture. The exercise had given her cheeks a bit of color, and her eyes sparkled and flashed like raindrops. This morning she had taken Martha along merely to still her protests.

"It's all right so long as we keep to the main streets," said the harried Martha, "but I do not like the idea of roaming about in the native quarters. This is not like Europe. The hotel manager said we ought to have a man."

"He is looking out for his commission. Heavens! what is the matter with everybody? One would think, the way people put themselves out to warn you, that murder and robbery were daily occurrences in Asia. I've been here four months, and the only disagreeable moment I have known was caused by a white man."

"Because we have been lucky so far, it's no sign that we shall continue so." And Martha shut her lips grimly. Her worry was not confined to this particular phase of Elsa's imperious moods; it was general. There was that blond man with the parrot. She would never feel at ease until they were out of Yokohama, homeward bound.

"I feel like a child this morning," said Elsa. "I want to run and play and shout."

"All the more reason why you should have a guardian. . . . Look, Elsa!" Martha caught the girl by the arm. "There's that man we left at Mandalay coming toward us. Shall we go into this shop?"

"No, thank you! There is no reason why I should hide in a butcher shop simply to avoid meeting the man. We'll walk straight past him. If he speaks we'll ignore him."

"I wish we were in a civilized country."

"This man is supposed to be civilized. Don't let him catch your eye. Go on; don't lag."

Craig stepped in front of them, smiling as he raised his helmet. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

Elsa, looking coldly beyond him, attempted to pass.

"Surely you remember me?"

"I remember an insolent cad," replied Elsa, her eyes beginning to burn dangerously. "Will you stand aside?"

He threw a swift glance about. He saw with satisfaction that none but natives was in evidence.

Elsa's glance roved, too, with a little chill of despair. In stories Warrington would have appeared about this time and soundly trounced this impudent scoundrel. She realized that she must settle this affair alone. She was not a soldier's daughter for nothing.

"Stand aside!"

"Hoity-toity!" he laughed. He had been drinking liberally and was a shade reckless. "Why not be a good fellow? Over here nobody minds. I know a neat little restaurant. Bring the old lady along," with a genial nod toward the quaking Martha.

Resolutely Elsa's hand went up to her helmet, and with a flourish drew out one of the long steel pins.

"Oh, Elsa!" warned Martha.

"Be still! This fellow needs a lesson. Once more, Mr. Craig, will you stand aside?"

Had he been sober he would have seen the real danger in the young woman's eyes.

"Cruel!" he said. "At least, one kiss," putting out his arms.

Elsa, merciless in her fury, plunged the pin into his wrist. It stung like a hornet, and, with a gasp of pain, Craig leaped back out of range, sobered.

"Why, you she-cat!"

"I warned you," she replied, her voice steady and low. "The second stab will be serious. Stand aside."

He stepped into the gutter, biting his lips and straining his uninjured hand over the hurting throb in his wrist. He had had wide experience with women. His advantage had always been in the fact that the general

run of them will submit to insult rather than create a scene. This dark-eyed Judith was distinctly an exception to the rule. Gad! She might have missed his wrist and jabbed him in the throat. He swore, and walked off down the street.

Elsa set a pace which Martha, with her wabbling knees, found difficult to maintain.

"You might have killed him!" she cried breathlessly.

"You can't kill that kind of a snake with a hatpin; you have to stamp on its head. But I rather believe it will be some time before Mr. Craig will again make the mistake of insulting a woman because she appears to be defenseless." Elsa's chin was in the air. The choking sensation in her throat began to subside. "You know and the purser knows what happened on the boat to Mandalay. He was plausible and affable and good looking, and the mistake was mine. I seldom make them. I kept quiet because the boat was full up, and as a rule I hate scenes. Men like that know it. If I had complained he would have denied his actions, inferred that I was evil-minded. Heavens, I know the breed! Now not a single word of this to anyone. Mr. Craig, I fancy, will be the last person to speak of it."

"You had better put the pin back into your hat," suggested Martha.

"Pah! I had forgotten it." Elsa flung the weapon far into the street.

Once they turned into Merchant street, both felt the tension relax. Martha would have liked to sit down, even on the curb.

"I despise men," she volunteered.

"I am beginning to believe that few of them are worth a thought. Those who aren't fools are knaves."

"Are you sure of your judgment in regard to this man Warrington? How can you tell that he is any different from that man Craig?"

"He is different, that is all. This afternoon he will come to tea. I shall want you to be with us. Remember, not a word of this disgraceful affair."

"Ah, Elsa, I am afraid; I am more afraid of Warrington than of a man of Craig's type."

"We are always quarrelling, Martha; and it doesn't do either of us any good. When you oppose me I find that that is the very thing I want to do. You haven't any diplomacy."

Warrington's appearance that afternoon astonished Elsa. She had naturally expected some change, but scarcely such elegance. He was, without question, one of the handsomest men she had ever met. He was handsome than Arthur because he was more manly in type. What a mystery he was! She greeted him cordially, without restraint; but for all that, a little shiver stirred the tendrils of hair at the nape of her neck.

"The most famous man in Rangoon today," she said, smiling.

"So you have read that tommy-rot in the newspaper?"

They sat on her private balcony, under an awning. Rain was threatening. Martha laid aside her knitting and did her utmost to give her smile of welcome an air of graciousness.

"I shouldn't call it tommy-rot," Elsa declared. "It was not chance. It was pluck and foresight. Men who possess those two attributes get about everything worth having."

"There are exceptions," studying the ferrule of his cane.

"Is there really anything you want now and can't have?"

Martha looked at her charge in dread and wonder.

"There is the moon," he answered. "I have always wanted that. But there it hangs, just as far out of reach as ever."

Elsa's curiosity today was keenly alive. She wanted to ask a thousand questions, but the ease with which the man wore his new clothes, used his voice and eyes and hands, convinced her more than ever that the subtlest questions she might devise would not stir him into any confession. That he had once been a gentleman of her own class, and more, something of an exquisite, there remained no doubt in her mind. What had he done? What in the world had he done?

On his part he regretted the presence of Martha; for, so strongly had this girl worked upon his imagination that he had called with the deliberate intention of telling her everything. But he could not open the gates of his heart before a third person, one he intuitively knew was antagonistic.

Conversation went afield; pictures and music and the polished capitals of the world; the latest books and plays. The information in regard to these Elsa supplied him. They discussed also the problems of the day as frankly as if they had been in an accidental drawing-room. Martha's tea was bitter. She liked Arthur, who was always charming, who never surprised or astonished anybody, or shocked them with unexpected phrases of character; and each time she looked at Warrington, Arthur seemed to recede. And when the time came for the guest to take his leave, Martha regretted to find that the major part of her antagonism was gone.

"I wish to thank you, Miss Chetwood, for your kindness to a very lone-

ly man. It isn't probable that I shall see you again. I sail next Thursday for Singapore." He reached into a pocket. "I wonder if you would consider it an impertinence if I offered you this old trinket?" He held out the mandarin's ring.

"What a beauty!" she exclaimed. "Of course I'll accept it. It is very kind of you. I am inordinately fond of such things. Thank you. How easily it slips over my finger!"

"Chinamen have very slender fingers," he explained. "Good-by. Those characters say 'Good luck and prosperity.'"

No expressed desire of wishing to meet again; just an ordinary everyday farewell; and she liked him all the better for his apparent lack of sentiment.

"Good-by," she said. She winced, for his hand was rough-palmed and strong. A little later she saw him pass down the street. He never turned and looked back.

"And why," asked Martha, "did you not tell the man that we sail on the same ship?"

"You're a simpleton, Martha." Elsa turned the ring round and round on her finger. "If I had told him, he would have canceled his sailing and taken another boat."

CHAPTER VII.

Confidences.

That night Martha wrote a letter. During the writing of it she jumped at every sound; a footstep in the hall, the shutting of a door, a voice calling in the street. And yet, Martha was guilty of performing only what she considered to be her bounden duty.

My Dear Mr. Arthur: . . . I do not know what to make of it. His likeness to you is the most unheard of thing. He is a little bigger and broader and he wears his beard longer. That's all the difference. When he came on the boat that night, it was like a hand clutching at my throat. And you know how romantic Elsa is, for all she believes she is prosaic. I am certain that she sees you in this stranger who calls himself Warrington. If only you had had the foresight to follow us, a sailing or two later! And now they'll be together for four or five days, down to Singapore. I don't like it. There's something uncanny in the thing. What if she did forbid you to follow? There are some promises women like men to break. You should have followed.

Neither of us has the slightest idea what the man has done to exile himself in this horrible land for ten years. He still behaves himself like a gentleman, and he must have been one in the past. But he has never spoken of his home, of his past, of his people. We don't even know that Warrington is his name. And you know that's a sign that something is wrong. I wonder if you have any relatives by the name of Warrington? I begin to see that man's face in my dreams.

I am worried. For Elsa is a puzzle. She has always been one to me. I have been with her since her babyhood, and yet I know as little of what goes on in her mind as a stranger would. Her father, you know, was a soldier, of fierce loves and hates; her mother was a handsome statue. Elsa has her father's scorn for convention and his independence, clothed in her mother's impenetrable mask. Don't mistake me. Elsa is the most adorable creature to me, and I worship her; but I worry about her. I believe that it would be wise on your part to meet us in San Francisco. Give my love and respect to your dear beautiful mother. And marry Elsa as fast as ever you can.

The day of sailing was brilliant and warm. Elsa sat in a chair on the deck of the tender, watching the passengers as they came aboard. A large tourist party bustled about, rummaged among the heaps of luggage, and shouted questions at their unhappy conductor.

She saw Hooghly standing in the bow. A steamer trunk, a kit-bag, a bedding-bag, and the inevitable parrot cage, reposed at his feet. He was watching without interest or excitement the stream passing up and down the gangplank. If his master came very well; if he did not, he would get off with the luggage. How she would have liked to question him regarding his master! Elsa began to offer excuses for her interest in Warrington. He was the counterpart of Arthur Ellison. He had made his fortune against odds. He was a mystery. Why shouldn't he interest her? Her mind was not ice, nor was her heart a stone. She pitied him, always wondering what was back of it all. She would be in Singapore; after that their paths would widen and become lost in the future, and she would forget all about him, save in a shadowy way. She would marry Arthur whether she loved him or not. She was certain that he loved her. He was, besides, her own sort; and there wasn't any mystery about him at all. He was as clear to her as glass. For nearly ten years she had known him, since his and his mother's arrival in the small pretty Kentucky town. What was the use of hunting a fancy? Yes, she would marry Arthur. She was almost inclined to cable him to meet her in San Francisco.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stalking Carpathian Stags.

In the Carpathians are to be found the finest stags in Europe, excelling even the Bavarian stags in weight and strength of antler, and far larger than any Highland red deer. When out stalking in Bukovina, in the Carpathians, in September, 1896, Mr. Edward North Huxton shot one of the largest stags ever seen. It carried a head of 18 points, the antlers at their greatest length measuring 52 inches.

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For any sore—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Copenhagen compels all taxicabs to be ventilated after each trip.

The wronged husband has his revenge when the man who alienated his wife's affections marries her.

Too Much.
"Every dog has his day, you know."

"Yes, but that mutt of yours wants the nights, too. He kept me awake until three o'clock this morning with his infernal howling."

Not So Easy After All.
"What was all dem gwines on at yo' residence yiste'dy evenin', Brudder Mooch? Sounded like a fight uh-twix a camp meetin' and a catamount!"
"Dat? Aw, shucks, sah! Dat was on'l de gen'lman fum de furniture 'stallment sto', e'lectin' his easy payments."—Judge.

Past and Present.
Secretary of Agriculture Houston said in Washington the other day: "What improvements we see in the country when we go there on our vacation! We see automobiles, telephones, player pianos, phonographs and even, among a few wealthy young farmers, biplanes.

"How different is this prosperity from the hardships of the past—from the days when a gaunt farmer would enter the general store of the district and pant, hungrily:
"Gimme an egg's worth o' sugar—an' ye mout weigh out an egg's worth o' salt, too. The Plymouth Rock's a-cluckin'!"

BUILT A MONUMENT
The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way an Illinois man describes himself. He says:
"For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion.

"The different kinds of medicine I tried did not cure me, and finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it.

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to feel well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I am restored to strength and health, can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body.

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change; it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:
Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.